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Re-Discovering Torrey Pines
Through the Exposition Grounds
The Landscape Gardener
Vegetable Gardens—Flower Gardens
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Vol 5 complete

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The California Garden


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No. 13

Endless Chain of Work

ND NOW we are expected to do it all over again. Having completed the seventh year of California Garden the eighth looms inexorably ahead, with its unknown freight that may as easily be weeds as flowers, but there is a tremendously encouraging feature in the fact that subscribers have responded to the annual call for subscriptions with unprecedented promptness and in unwonted numbers, though we challenge any periodical to show as large a per cent of renewals as the Garden has always had. A word of thanks must be extended to the many who sent in a word of cheer with their money, and the very few who wiped us off their slate with contumelious comment can be entirely overlooked, because they were so few. To those who either subscribe or don't because of the editor's personal connection with it, we would say it is not our magazine, it is yours. If it had been ours we would have taken a rest long ago. Our position has been that of a friend we once encountered holding open a door through which streamed the audience from a concert and who in response to our question whether he were waiting for his wife, replied with resignation, "No, old chap, I am waiting for a chance to let go the door."

We do not desire to conceal, or minimize even, the genuine pleasure that has been ours from contact with the other workers in the Garden. We have always had a beautiful understanding and harmony, and that not just because where no one got anything there was no object in fighting.

We acknowledge that as a conscientious editor we have found too much of ourselves in these pages, but that was the other fellow's fault not ours, for when he would not write, we had to.

We thank you readers all for your failure to abuse, even if you did not encourage, and for those who said "well done"

our gratitude is Californian", we know of no better word to express a thing without limitation.

Though the foregoing may bear a resemblance to the preface to a withdrawal from public office we have no hopes and see no signs of present relief, though applicants for the job will be most courteously considered.



THE MOVE to set aside Soledad Mountain top as a public park is so obviously the right thing to do that it admits of no discussion, but it opens up a wider development in the future, the foundation for which should be laid now, and that is a chain of parks or spots of scenic or historic interest which can be tied together by a boulevard which will practically circle the city. This treatment of a chain of public parks is recognized today as the greatest factor in beautifying cities and bringing park advantages to all quarters. It is being worked out wonderfully in San Francisco and is of greatest scenic possibility in a place with such topography as San Diego. There seems no good reason, however, in these autoing days that such a chain should be limited within a city's bounds, nor need it involve at all points an expensive artificial treatment; in fact many places should be left carefully alone. By private initiative Grossmont is beautifully available and no sane person would want to spoil its individual character with a planting of asters and gladiolus or a grass plot, and San Miguel should come into the scheme. Nor is it only mountain tops that are worthy of featuring. There are wonderful mesas north of our city which at certain seasons give floral displays of surpassing beauty. Of course many of these things are available by the roads we have, or hope the state will build, but the idea sought to be conveyed here is that taking advantage of all that has been done or that any one will do in the future the city should string these pearls within her gates and make the two ends clasp in Balboa Park,

even if some of the string is imaginary. To-day without one dollar's worth of road work the building of this necklace is possible by the simple process of outlining such an one and calling it something that was distinctive, such as the Lavalliere, a mere off-hand suggestion. The name is important. If this is doubted try considering the Appian Way at Rome as the Cloverleaf trip, or the Corniche at Marseilles as the Balloon route. We remember a day in Scotland when our heart was stirred by the sound of the Birks o'

Aberfeldy and our intense desire to visit them, till the stage driver, a horrid literal person, said, "there aren't no birks any more; they died and now they are pines." If an instance nearer home is wanted, take our recent escape from the conventionality of D St. to the originality and romance of Broadway. Yes. There is something in a name. Perhaps we shall be obliged from patriotic motives to squeeze out all our Mexican names, but Spain is still neutral and that will save us something.

Pickings and Peckings

By THE EARLY BIRD



AM far afield, out in the big out-of-doors and shall make no effort to confine my mental excursion within narrow bounds. The particular garden has as an excuse for being that it is part of the garden of life and helps to offset the things that man is doing in that larger area. In a journey of seventy miles through our home county I could but remark that the dust and dirt and ruin were all concentrated along man's trail. Consider the course of the January flood and the dismal destructive side of it is accented by a fence that is down, a road that is washed out, a building that sags forlornly, a railroad track that simulates a bridge. Away from these, one simply senses a gigantic display of power sweeping aside all opposing matter, and the marvellous adaptability of nature that is quickly smoothing out the lines of the picture, and growing again that which was uprooted.

To the gods and all else in nature save man, man must appear a strange if not nasty thing. Accomplishing all he does by virtue of natural forces, he yet is apt to consider himself as working on nature from the outside, a superior and special production. A natural man is a splendid thing and it is too bad he is so rare.

So much off my chest as a preface to the statement that I am away with the natural thing as a companion, and unspoiled kiddie, who does not even know there is anything the matter with the world or me. I deem this a special privilege and would share it with you.

Should I not apologize because the kiddie is mine? I don't think so. I shall not at any rate, for I have done so much as I liked for so long in these fanciful flights and my readers have been so tolerant that I am apt to

think that their good nature has no bounds, but perhaps I ought to beg indulgence for the more intimate personalities and in doing so I would offer as an extenuating circumstance the necessity of so doing to get life into the description.

Like King Richard, only more so, my seven-year-old has always cried, "My kingdom for a horse," and I therefore am going to take you riding with us mainly because I know the young lady would prefer it to any other "galumph".

Perhaps you don't know that like Gaul in our school Caesar, all horses are divided into three classes, riding horses, work horses and just horses, and the greatest of these are the first, because my lady can ride them.

We had two blood bays, the color a horse should be for a story, in spite of Black Beauty and Turpins coal colored steed. Hers was large and fat and possessed of that temperament which regards carrying ladies as a serious job to be done with due deliberation at all times, but he had a streak of color on his neck just below the mane, running forward from a Gargory lock, that had imprisoned sunlight and sunset and red gold and the mixture was fluidic and flowed and ebbed and glowed. Atop, but not astride, the bearer of this jeweled neck, perched the daughter, who by-the-way is more a rider in spirit than in body, and I mounted a smaller steed, whose credentials to the real riding class were centered in very small feet, or so said my lady. We left that stable man, who did not appreciate the honor of being the tender of real riding stock, and rode for the places of no roads. Our progress was processional, for behind me at the end of a lead string (remember my lady is phras-

ing) came the larger horse with his disproportionate burden. She with a child's wonderful intuition evidently sensed by anxiety for her welfare, as a reassuring voice came forward and it said, "See, I am not afraid, I can reach down and scratch my leg". This would seem to be no great task, but it proved wonderfully reassuring and I would that all efforts to comfort were as effective. We reached a region of scattering live-oaks in a plain of blue grey old man, a soul-satisfying color scheme that went with the searching sun and the hot wind, and my lady loved the big trees and called them "huge", her latest word which she can pronounce with more effect of the size than a written million million can convey. I wondered why always white, as a dress for summer heat, from whence the precedent? In California at least, our skies are blue, our hills are brown, our mountains green and grey, but white, where is it? My daughter shall sometime have a costume suggested by the oak and artemisia, a dress of blue grey trimmed with live-oak green; stockings the brown of the dead stems, and somewhere a touch of the vivid yet cool red of the scarlet bugler.

Along twisting cattle trails we traversed the brushy plain and reached the sandy waste of a California stream in summer. Big cottonwoods marked its course in average times, but now the sandy flat spread out each way for a hundred yards or more. Adown a small bank the horses picked a careful way while their riders set feet grimly in the "pedals" and with more room got abreast and conversed. The first topic had a text, "Why don't horses have tails on the side to help to shoo flies?" I could not give a satisfactory answer, but as I write this am wondering why a man may not grow whiskers for the same purpose, which will show you that there is a supply of these pests in the country to take the place of those the present agitation proposes to remove from the cities. When I failed to justify the tailless condition of horses so far as their sides are concerned by offering that they would not be tails unless they hung behind, my companion let the matter rest. She does not have to have anything explained, and that is one of the attributes of that blessed state we lose when we grow up. Our destination was a lake with rushes marged, but between us and it were great red beasts with white faces and bellies that stayed from eating grass to stare us out of countenance. One of us did not like their looks and demurred at going on, but a pointer dog of unknown ownership, who had just come along saved the situation, for these monsters of huge bulk and armed with great sharp horns, incontinently turned tail and fled at his approach. Her relieved laughter rung merrily out and at its sound the cattle wheeled and stared again, knowing that it was broth-

erhood sign and guaranteed safety. Into the green rushes plunged the pointer, under the water went a diver and from the shore a crow winged loudly expostulating at being disturbed. The horses' feet sucked in the mud and the grasses rustled as they passed. Only a mere mudhole, but in a dry land on a hot day a well worth thing, if youth were present.

Homewards turned a wee bit tender, this tenderness not acknowledged but felt in protests every time the careful steed scenting the stable essayed to shorten the time of return by trotting, but triumphant and keenly interested in a horseman that ambled by and unwilling at the journey's end to leave the saddle, finally compromising on a careful and loving if unskilful washing and brushing of the two steeds who were reported as showing adequate appreciation.

And what was it all. A kid who could not ride and her father who had forgotten how, blowing a few cents on a couple of livery plugs. Ah! That is the grown up, the sane, civilized, thoroughly uninteresting, modern, darned fool way of looking at it. We, thank God, know better. We rode upon real riding horses that represented nothing else, no money, no owner, we went out into the woods. We forgot the land was to be plowed, the trees chopped down and burned, the cattle killed and eaten. The sunshine spoke and the colors, the wind passed the time of day and we and nature were appreciably nearer together. What's the use? Well for that matter what's the use of anything except to bring on that good feeling which can only come with enjoyment free from harm to anything.

If of such are the kingdom of heaven why not try what the earth might be like if of such it were, I mean the kiddies.

Ornamental Planting


By Walter Birch

In ornamental plants and shrubbery, you can plant most anything that is grown in a box, pot or can with perfect safety, if you water and cultivate carefully, in fact there are a number of things that do better when the ground is warm than they do when planted earlier in the season, so if you have not already done your ornamental planting it is not at all necessary to wait until the fall or winter rains in order to do it.

Have you paid your annual
dues and subscription?

Monthly Excursion Through Exposition Grounds

By G. R. GORTON

HE long ribbon-like strip of territory which winds and thereby wends its way eastward from a point about two hundred feet northeast of the California Building is, just now, one of the most colorful areas within the confines of the Exposition.

The planting commences modestly enough with the mass of *Polygala Dalmaisiana* East of the canna beds, and continues again a few feet further along—on the right of the path—with a very attractive combination of Blue *Ageratum* and Mrs. Sanders *Marguerites*. The last mentioned is not firm in the faith, but frequently reverts back through the connecting link of a semi-double type to its progenitor, the single *Marguerite*—all on the same plant—but the effect is always pleasing, nevertheless.

The back lines of the planting at this spot are formed by masses of single yellow *Marguerites* and red *Cannas*. Still continuing eastward to the fork in the paths, one looks through *Eucalyptus* and over *Lobelia* to Pink and White *Geraniums*, and *Hydrangeas* on beyond. The front lines of this planting are flanked with *Penstemon* and *Heliotrope*.

Twenty-five feet further north, as the path turns for a moment in that direction, one discovers a mass of *Gnaphalium lanatum* tucked in between the *Acacias*. This plant, with its silver-gray foliage, will be remembered because of its relationship to the *Edelweiss* (*Gnaphalium leonotopodium*). Not far away around the bend in the path is another spot of silver-gray foliage—this time in the form of a group of *Cineraria maritima*, familiar to all as one of the Dusty Millers, and at this writing easily distinguishable as a species of *Cineraria* from the habit of the inflorescence—albeit yellow in color. The middle lines of this same planting are of brilliant single Red *Geraniums*, backed with 'false Artichokes' bearing aloft their immense, rich blue thistle-like heads of bloom.

A considerable area at this point is given over to *Cuphea igna* (Cigar Plant) widely and favorably known.

A corner at the junction of two walks nearby is embellished with some very fine varieties of *Hydrangeas*—white included. The plants are young and not very large, but the flower clusters are enormous.

To the east of these *Lobelia* and *Coreopsis* form an always safe and attractive combination of blue and gold. A hundred feet or so along, and on both opposite corners of a by-path are groups of *Carumbium populifolium*, a quite interesting shrub or small tree, whose specific name tells one for what habit of foli-

age to look. Catkins of rather insignificant flowers are forming into equally modest berries.

The *Echiums*, which are planted at intervals all along this path have all gone out of flower, leaving only the green sentinel-like flower stalks to show what has been.

East of the Botanical Building there is another group of *Gnaphalium lanatum*—this one in flower, and the African Lily—*Agapanthus umbellatus* has unfurled its standard of blue and adds its quota of color to the Vernon *Begonias*, *Fuchsias*, etc., nearby.

The Vernon *Begonias* across the front of the Botanical Building have made a remarkably fine growth and form a convincing demonstration of the usefulness of this well known, many-purpose *Begonia*. On the east side (and in a corresponding location on the west side) of the Mirror Pool, about halfway between the Botanical Building and the Prado, several specimens of *Melaleuca Huegelii* are in flower. This species is more curious than beautiful as compared with some of the showier Bottle Brushes, but is interesting by reason of its peculiar leaf habit and white flowers. The *Melaleuca armillaris*, another white flowered species of willowy habit, a large specimen of which is at the southwest corner, boast of but one or two flowers, and those are nothing to boast of. However, the weeping habit of the plant is very graceful, and on the whole, this species is a most useful subject.

Cotoneasters, *Crataegus*, *Berberis*, *Aucubas*, *Pittosporum rhombifolium* and other shrubs which are conspicuous in season by reason of their display of bright colored berries, are in flower now, assuring us of a fine showing of fruits when the time arrives. *Pittosporum rhombifolium* is decorative both in flower and in berry.

The pansies bordering the esplanade facing the Music Pavilion continue to attract their share of attention and justly so, inasmuch as the results of some of the Pansy specialists best efforts are represented there.

The Prado is brightened up considerably with Vernon *Begonias*, Pansies, *Lobelia*, etc., on the sunny side, and tuberous *Begonias* on the shady side. The latter, however, are just commencing to produce their annual crop of brightness.

The *Gloxinias* in the Botanical Building are alone worth a trip to the Exposition to see, a veritable kaleidoscope of color, in every imaginable combination, and all of the peculiar richness of effect for which they stand among a very select few of conservatory plants. Tuberous *Begonias* are again beginning to attract the public eye.

The Lath House

By ALFRED D. ROBINSON

SUPPOSING we consider the foundation of things in the lathhouse, the soil, and this question is brought up now when folks are going into the back country whence comes our salvation in this particular. The question must be considered from the point of view of the best, not from that of what will just do. Generally speaking there is no lathhouse soil in the city and as there will most likely be numerous disputants of this statement here are the facts.

First be it postulated that the lathhouse soil is such as ferns and begonias love, not that they will live in. This is a compound of leaf mold and sand for the most part that will not run together or bake, either wet or dry, or half way between. Leaf mold is not merely leaves and dust and other debris from beneath shrubbery or trees wherever found, but leaves reduced to the mold stage by a wet decay and this involves a certain amount of moisture within a certain time which condition does not pertain to the lower coast levels of our country. The specifications here set forth are not affected by the admitted fact that ferns, begonias and other plants with similar soil requirements are growing in San Diego in the herein discredited sweepings of our brush, variously doctored and fine specimens, too; nor is it intended to discourage those who, cannot secure other medium. Under our oaks in the Cuyamacas is leaf mold of the finest quality in unlimited quantities. Not the leaves but the layer just under them. This never bakes but for growths requiring the limit of moisture with the maximum of drainage it is almost too fine and retentive of moisture so sand is added, and again all is not sand that is gritty. Clean, sharp builders' sand and rather on the coarse order, is what is wanted in proportion of one-third and this mixture will do for most things because it forms a perfect medium for application of moisture and root action, however, leaf mold is not rich in plant food and fertilizer should be used. In some cases an addition of peat is beneficial. This is hard to procure, especially free from alkali, and sphagnum moss forms an acceptable substitute. The above is mainly a consideration of potting soils but the same requirements fit the ground in lathhouses. This is a larger question, not to be always solved by dribblets brought home in sacks on auto trips, and the first aim should be to get a looseness of condition that will defy setting. So much of our soil and the best of it is adobe in character, which won't do for lathhouses.

This is to be used as a base; it must be liberally mixed with sand and wood ashes, also manure, the cow variety, not in a frugal way but three or four inches of it all over. The time to apply fertilizer is when growth is active and with ferns and begonias it cannot safely be used in fall and winter. Fresh cow manure while rather unpleasant and awkward to handle is quite safe if not applied directly to roots and is at that stage most impregnated with plant food. Again be it said that the dry dusty old manure is almost worthless as feed, though it may help to build up soil consistency. Where the soil is our peculiar brand of yellowy red gumbo, cum stones, it is not worth fussing with; dig it out and use it for cement. It is not a big job to excavate a small lathhouse for a couple of feet, especially if the paths be omitted and then conditions worthwhile can be made. It would be better to go another six inches and start the fill with that much of stones and rough drainage topped with straw, or anything to hold up the soil, then a foot of half good loam mixed with equal part of manure, the rest leaf mold and sand. Also make beds lower than paths so flooding can be indulged once in a while.

This month should see the lathhouse very attractive with tuberous begonias and all kinds of things. It also will demand more watching from the watering standpoint. This watering cannot be reduced to a hard and fast schedule. It can be passed up on a dull day and may have to be doubled up on a hot one. Water in the mornings, sprinkle all over your foliage, it helps to produce the moist atmosphere so beneficial to all growths therein and it will not affect ornamental foliage if it dry off before night, which it will except in the case of a drip.

Even where a glass house is enjoyed as an adjunct to the lathhouse many inhabitants of the former were better for a trip to the latter for the summer. It will tone them up.

The fern fancy has struck town. More than one of our real plant folks are passing around catalogues and have in their shopping bags lists of truly awful names that they are learning by heart to fix their standing with the Who's Who and to confound the Who's Not. How does *Goneiophleum subauriculatum* (perhaps that is only half right) sound? Some of the smallest specimens have the worst names. The well known and loved "Boston" is a *Nephrolepis*, and one of over fifty from Simthii to Rooseveltii, and there is a Teddy, Jr., for Progressives.



*Like some old warrior fighting
for the sacred soil of his ancestors.*

Re-Discovering Torrey Pines

Written and Illustrated by
GUY L. FLEMING

rocky shelf, and located the sortest place we could find in a small clearing for our bed. Then we got supper—as we now had water.

The water is carried out along this road to be used for sprinkling. There is about seven miles of this pipe, I should judge, and between the city farm and the Torrey Pine Park very little water is used in a day from a four-inch pipe. Our water stand was at the end of the line and the water was very “rich,” resembling chocolate in color and texture. After considerable boiling and skimming we got it weak enough for cooking purposes, and by flavoring it with tea found it to be a refreshing drink.

While we are seated about the campfire we might hear the story of these pines. It is an ideal night for such a story, the sky is clear of clouds, nothing to obstruct the light from the low hanging stars, a soft east wind brings us the fragrance of the blue sage; we hear the dull roar of the waves beating against the cliffs and at intervals the heavy “boom-boom” of a large wave climbing higher than its comrades. On a bluff across the canyon a lone pine is outlined against the sky.

And first I might tell you the origin of the pine, as given in the Grecian mythology: Pan, the god who presided over the country and, consequently, had charge of rural objects and affairs, including forestry, had many love adventures, one of which was the attempt to win the love of a nymph of Mount Taygetus, the abode of the god. Boreas, the god of the north wind, became a rival of Pan and blew the nymph down from a high rock and would have killed her, but Pan, though unable to save her life, could change her form, so he changed the nymph into a pine tree, and from that time pine trees have been seen clinging to rocks on mountain sides.

This Greek pine (Pitys) is the *Pinus pinea*, or Stone Pine, and is first mentioned in ancient writings.

But we are to hear of the rarest of pines, one whose past is as a sealed book. It has some of the characteristics of *Pinus pinea*, one being the tardy maturity and retention of seed. Another is its delight in living in exposed places. In fact it is doubtful if any other pine would survive such buffeting by the sea winds.

In other respects it stands alone among con-

We left the Santa Fe station on the 4:08 train. Our equipment consisted of two well-filled knapsacks, flower presses and tickets to Sorrento, and later we learned that we followed the same route taken by Dr. Parry on his last visit to the pines, in 1883.

On arriving at Sorrento we took the El Camino Real, the old highway of the Padres; this we traveled for about two miles, when we left it and headed west across a plain in order to reach the new state highway. And on this plain we were treated to the sight of some of the finest and largest specimens of native shrubs and flowering plants we had ever seen. *Erigonum* (“wild buckwheat”)—five feet high and fifteen feet across; *Isomeris arborea*—“bladder pod”; *Hosakia*—“wild broom”—very much above the average. Among the flowers were *Chaenactis glabruscula* with flower heads more than an inch across; *Antirrhinum vagans*, the “violet snapdragon”, with a growth of six feet; *Hemizonia tenella*, one of the “tar weeds”, had extra large flowers, and the little purple spot on each petal was very pretty against the white.

Along the grade we found about a dozen *Dendromeconrigidum*, the “Mexican Tree Poppy”. Some were eight or ten feet high, but the majority had been badly marred by the road makers. This last holds true in regard to the pines—those growing close to the road being more or less mutilated.

We expected to find water at the top of the grade, but on arriving found that the pipe had been taken up. We inquired of an auto party if they had seen anything of a wandering water stand, and were told it was about three-quarters of a mile up the road. The sun had set and we were powerfully hungry, and we had planned on a bed of pine needles, but water we had to have, so we hiked on until we found it. We made our camp some distance off the road, built our fire-place on a

ifers, it bears the largest flowers, has the hardest nuts, and the strongest leaves. No other species is found within fifty miles of it.

But there are only a few of these pines left. Probably not more than 200 in all. The young trees are less in number than the older trees, from which it might be inferred that the species is slowly giving way, and, if not protected, will soon become extinct; that is the original forest. Of course the species will not be lost for seed collectors have sent it to all parts of the globe, and hundreds have been planted in California. But away from their beloved wind swept cliffs they become pyramidal and as stately as any other well ordered pine, and have no resemblance to the grotesque old warriors flaunting their green banner on the bluffs above the sea. It is rather strange that not until a hundred years after San Diego was founded was this peculiar maritime pine truly discovered as a species and given a name.

In the spring of 1850 the attention of Dr. C. C. Parry, who was connected with the Mexican Boundary Survey, was called to a species of pine growing at the mouth of Soledad Valley, by Dr. J. L. LeConte, then staying in San Diego, who asked, "What pine it was growing near the ocean beach in that locality?"

I will quote from a paper read by Dr. Parry before the San Diego Society of Natural History, Nov. 2, 1883. "I had been ordered by Major W. H. Emory to make a geological examination of the reported coal deposits on the ocean bluffs above Soledad.

"In making a section of these strata it was necessary to follow up some of the sharp ravines that here debouch on the ocean beach, and here (possibly to the neglect of strict geological duties) my attention was taken up by this singular and unique maritime pine, which, with its strong clusters of terminal leaves and its distorted branches were loaded down with ponderous cones within easy reach of botanical clutch. From the notes and collections there made, a description was drawn up dedicating this well-marked new species to an honored friend and instructor, both of Dr. LeConte and the writer, Dr. John Torrey, of New York, as *Pinus Torreyana*, thus commemorating one of our most honored botanists by association with a tree peculiar to the Pacific coast, in a region which has been so often enriched by his early botanical labors as collaborator. * * * Thirty years after this first discovery, in the fall of 1880, the writer visited this locality for the second time, accompanied by the well known botanist, Dr. George Engelmann, of St. Louis. At that time more complete examinations were made, and sections of a trunk over one foot in diameter were procured and sent to the Forest Commission of the Tenth United States census."

While speaking of pines I might tell you that the next rarest species is also found in San Diego County, and is named botanically

Pinus Parryana, in honor of Dr. Parry, who first discovered it during the survey for the Mexican boundary. The common name is "pinon" or nut pine, and it is sparsely found on the Cuyamaca mountains and south into Lower California.

The fire has burned low as we take a grease-wood torch and find our way up to our blankets. We were up in the morning as soon as the birds began to stir and after breakfasting explored some of the canyons leading down toward the ocean. The sides of these canyons are very much broken, almost perpendicular, the floors are quite level and the native growth so rank that in some places we were unable to get through without a brush-hook, so we would turn back to another canyon that looked easy.

We saw so much of interest that we wished for a month in which to explore this park. Nearly every turn opened up a new view; we found several plants unknown to the botanist, and new forms of known ones. Above all, we were impressed with the possibility of this tract as a wild garden. There are two complete associations, the seaside and mesa and in addition the rarest of pines. And we expressed the hope that the Floral Association could get behind some plan that had to do with the improvement and protection of the Torrey Pines Park as a National Park, and we resolved to do all in our power to interest the members in this matter.

Note was made of the following:

The fire risk is very great. The grove is a great resort for picnickers who leave papers and lunch boxes on the ground. This rubbish the wind picks up and deposits in the undergrowth, which is principally *adenostoma* (greasewood), whose green branches ignite almost as readily as when dry. A spark from a cigar stub or pipe ashes is all that is needed to touch off the fireworks and up go several pine trees and an acre or two of fine shrubbery.

Visitors have made paths through the main grove of pines, which is near the top of the grade and easy to get to from the road, and to a few of the viewpoints. Some of these cliff trails are very dangerous and should be fenced off.

Many visitors are much interested in these pines though ignorant of their history, but some cannot resist defacing the trees with rude carvings or climbing into the trees and denuding them of the cones. It takes this pine tree four years to bring a cone to maturity. What is to be done about it?

In the report of the state board of forestry for the years 1887-88, we read: " * * * these trees will be menaced with extermination at the hands of men unless steps are taken to protect them,—they should be preserved by the state of California through the effort of proper legislation, and the State Board of Forestry is the proper party to look after this matter." The idea must have died in its in-

fancy for we have no record of any 'steps' being taken."

Prior to this report, in 1885, the board of supervisors of San Diego county offered a reward of \$100 for the detection and conviction of any person destroying any of the Torrey pines. Warnings were published and probably posted, but there is no evidence of such in the park today. The only signs we saw were those advertising the merits of certain hotels, cafes, etc., of our city.

I believe that if we go at it hard enough we can awaken the people of San Diego and the city council to the necessity of doing something at once to preserve these trees. They are in our city, in fact form the gateway, and it is our duty to protect them, not that of the state or county, and we should consider it a great honor to do so.

No great harm has come to them during the sixty years since their discovery, but that is no reason we should continue to neglect them.

Sixty years ago the San Diego mission was in a fair state of preservation, but today when we brag to the newcomer that "San Diego was the cradle of California," and that "the first mission was founded here," all we have to show is the fast crumbling facade.

These suggestions may have some value:

First, post warnings all through the park cautioning visitors about fires and against destroying the pines and shrubs.

At each entrance to the tract a large sign might be placed displaying the name of the park and a brief history of the pines.

Camp and picnic grounds could be laid out, fire places built and tables and benches set up; water should be at convenient points along the road and at the camp site. Easy and safe trails could be made to the best view points.

All of this could be done at very little expense and would add greatly to the safety of the pines and to the attractiveness of the park.

I will conclude with the last paragraph from Dr. Parry's paper: "Only a short time since, (1883), the writer again visited the locality, aided by the liberality of the California Southern Railroad Co., whose track makes this fine resort easily accessible by barely an hour's travel from San Diego. Here, seeking shelter from the fervid rays of a February sun under the scant shade of a decrepit forest monarch, listening to the sullen dash of the Pacific waves against the bold shores, among other thoughts suggested by the inspiring scene and its past associations, one floats upward like drifting seaweed and finds fitting expression here. Why should not San Diego, within whose corporate limits this straggling remnant of a past age finds a last lingering resting place, secure from extermination this remarkable and unique Pacific coast production so singularly confined within its boundaries; dedicating this spot of ground forever to the cause of scientific instruction and recreation, where wiser generations than ours may sit beneath its ampler shade, and, listening to the same musical waves, thank us for 'sparing this tree.'"

The Vegetable Gardens

By Walter Birch.

By WALTER BIRCH.

Now that the weather is warming up a bit, remember that the evaporation is greater, calling for more water and more thorough cultivation.

Keep a fine surface and in using the hoe near plants look out for the small roots or you will do more harm than good.

The season is still right for the sowing and planting of a number of vegetables. Beans and sweet corn are two that do well now. Oregon Evergreen, Country Gentleman and Golden Bantam sweet corn are all good varieties, the first named being the most popular, producing good sized ears and a closer husk than some other kinds, which helps to keep out the worms which do so much damage to corn. Of lima beans, the Fordhook and Monstrous Bush are both good, the latter being the greatest producer of them all. Plant the seed from four to six feet apart in the rows, and the vines will fill in the intervening space, producing quantities of large, nutty-flavored beans. Towards the end of the

month it will be time to plant peas again, so that you can pick them in October and November. Yorkshire Hero and Stratagem are both good varieties. They are medium height, and will not need staking. In smaller seed go on planting beets, late cabbage, cauliflower, okra, lettuce, radish, spinach, turnip, etc., and if you have a warm location put in a few tomato plants for winter tomatoes. The Stone is one of the best kinds and there is no more wholesome and delicious vegetable than the tomato. July is a good month to sow cauliflower. Dryweather and Snowball are both good kinds, and for late cabbage try Danish Ballhead. Make another planting of musk melons and casabas, and you can now get some good onion sets again.

Your bulbous plants now need good looking after. Be very careful in cultivating and watering them, not getting too close with the hoe. By planting gladiolus now you can get some fine late blooms, in fact there are few bulbs that you can plant as often with such satisfactory results as the gladiolus.

Growing The Dahlia

By A. D. ROBINSON



HERE is as much latitude between a wellgrown dahlia and just a dahlia as is possible in any flower that grows and just what such a statement involves can be comprehended by contrasting the ordinary garden chrysanthemum and the giant blooms of the shows. If it be merely a question of producing numbers of flowers and a large range of color it would be foolish to bother with these monthly articles, for any and every fool will accomplish that much with a planting and some water, yet for fear of being misunderstood let me here say that I consider the dahlia the superior of any other plant for massing in color effect. Truth to tell we of Southern California are just discovering this wonderful tuber. This year should further open our eyes to its versatility, for owing to a rainy season that stopped directly it began, tubers left in the ground bloomed in May and lots of remarkable flowers were shown at the annual June meeting of the Floral Association, a thing that has never happened before. Then the dryness of the spring made possible a postponement of the planting of tubers till June, so that the main planting will come on late and will be closely followed by the second crop of those now blooming, if cut back to the ground the middle or end of this month. I know I have said it s'teen times, but still I am asked about this cutting back, how far, etc.? Right to the ground. It must be remembered that the soil has already produced one crop of an exceedingly exhausting character and therefore after the second growth has started fertilizing is necessary, not optional.

Once more I am going to put in a plea for a pruning and disbudding because every year its peculiar fitness for our conditions becomes more evident. First the cutting back to produce four or more sturdy stalks instead of one or two elongated ones gives an added resistance to our dry heat which it must be remembered is contrary to natural selection on the dahlia's part, if it were to be consulted, and it also forms a bushy growth that helps to shade the ground around it, a very important feature. Reference was made last month to the probable adaptability of the dahlia as a pot plant from the kindness with which it will respond to shape molding by pruning, but this point seems worth repetition in order that model plants may grace our gardens. With most pruning or trimming we have to consider very seriously how far we may go without sacrificing the season's bloom, but this need not trouble with the dahlia, its potentiality runs into hundreds of blooms,

and the cutting out of the very crown postpones the flowering but a few days. If it be worth while to grow a chrysanthemum for its tedious season of development for three or four good blooms, why not a dahlia for sixteen. To get this sixteen we would take one vigorous stalk, head it back and get two, pruning these four, and with two more shortenings sixteen. These sixteen we would disbud, a much easier task than with mums, applying liquid fertilizer and generally doing our best and what a plant might result. I say "might" because this is a theory and most lands cannot so experiment from shortness of growing time. Dahlias won't stand for frost and most of Californian gardeners have experience elsewhere and know the brief period that is absolutely safe from low temperature back wherever it was.

Returning to the potted dahlias, if tubers or green plants can be obtained they might yet be started because any situation of shade or sun can be obtained. I have one that is now under lath after being outside in full sun till it budded and it seems quite content, though it has been in its present box for two years. This is a seedling, double red, that has for three seasons bloomed at less than two feet though the flower is comparatively large and it has started speculation of what a valuable development large flowering low growing dahlias would be for bedding. The Garden is tempted to offer a prize for the best dahlia plant in box or pot, no tin cans, in case a dahlia show is staged.

Whether there be a show or not it would be worth while to collect data for the fixing of a date for such. Individual growers have little conception of the difficulty to do this intelligently. The object is to set the best time for the most blooms and Garden readers are invited to send in their guesses.

It is almost time for some one to ask for treatment of dahlias with mildew. This seldom appears except on plants that have been some time in gloom or have suffered for moisture or feed. In the case of long blooming it is obviously best to cut them down and in the other instances supply what is lacking and the dusting on of sulphur when the foliage is damp will do no harm.

Now is the time to pay your subscription and membership dues.

The Landscape Gardener

By A. D. ROBINSON



DON'T know one thing about this and perhaps that is the reason I am crazy to tackle the subject, but the Garden editor has been notified that a class of students from the Landscape Department of the State University were to be turned loose in our vicinity to take notes and help their education, therefore it seems a fitting time to expose my ignorance.

Landscape, no more than any other kind of gardening, is a law unto itself. Even its basic principles must change with climate and environment as found in different sections and the expert exponent from one locality may be worse than a blind guide in another. To illustrate, the successful gardener in San Francisco might be a complete failure in San Diego, not to go out of our state; further, a good park planner might be a joke for private grounds, because mass and individual treatment are not the same thing.

Environment, local atmosphere, this is the big factor, or should be, in landscape gardening. Of course you can have an Italian garden with its formality, or a Japanese garden with its dwarfing of everything wherever your money can put it, but only because your ability to buy is greater than your appreciation of the fitness of things. The Italian style evolved in a country of intense cultivation and luxuriant growth and greenness, where every garden was set around with foliage like a picture in its frame. I don't pretend to follow out the influence of the fine arts upon it, but those who have seen it at home and abroad feel the mistake of transplanting, if they feel anything. It is at its best rising from the margin of a lake and to all intents and purposes the water is the salient feature. The same treatment transplanted (no, exiled), to a dry California hillside with a wide open out-of-doors all round, the limit marked by a four square fence (possibly very expensive, more likely very ugly and inappropriate), is not landscaping, it is raping.

The Japanese effect, which is the effort of an intensely artistic people to express bigness in miniature forced to it by a teeming population, is entirely wasted, not to use a harsher word, where space is almost unlimited. Charming effects have been produced with the Japanese treatment when it has been entirely segregated and the natural surroundings found or made, but the Japanese pieces don't fit into other puzzles.

Returning to atmosphere, what I mean is the feel of the site. This, no course of lectures can teach because it is feeling, not learning. Let us take an instance, one I select,

because I am there writing this. The mountains at the edge of a big high plateau, the rolling yellow of ripe grass flowing away to the horizon, behind and to each side the rising mountains with curving line upon line, brown, green and grey splashed with granite blocks, the hot springs at our feet. In the air a hot wind and the shimmer of summer. What do we feel? Warmth, space, absence of line and limit, a blessed irregularity, and a suppression of all height, except in the mountains, as if the latter held down all opposition. We drowse in the shade and on the wind come Indian legends, braves and squaws group in front of tule thatched adobes, calico ponies paw flies under the trees, and the acrid smell of acorn bread floats by. That is atmosphere. If we build here we could not build high, we could not build four square, nor paint with gaudy hue. No walk could go straight, no two buildings line up, no trees be in a row. We would want to melt into the surroundings, not stand out from them like a sore thumb. That is, if we felt the atmosphere. Very few do or want to and that is why the works of man cumber the earth instead of enriching it as a general thing.

Of course this is an extreme case and houses and gardens are seldom wanted in such spots, but the illustration of hell fire has been worked over-time to teach children of the righteous wrath of God, even if it be somewhat discredited now, and there is no site anywhere that has not an atmosphere if one will seek for it. Frankly I do not consider the ordinary lot in the more ordinary subdivision a site at all, but very few of the livers in these deserts of homes, or houses rather, and to build there, doomed to do just one like the other as are two army worms.

Landscaping in parks and big tracts is rapidly becoming, or rebecoming, a respectable job worthy of a serious man's attention, but it is a relatively unimportant phase of the subject as compared with the building of homes, for under the head of landscaping should come the selection of style and placing of the house as well as the design and planting of the grounds. Perhaps our failure to recognize the importance of the thoughtful care we don't bestow on home building is because in a real sense we build HOUSES not homes; we ache to live among those whose income is a little larger than ours or whose social standing is a trifle higher; we climb over the dead bones of the homey spirit. How can it be a man's home when he orders so much house from an architect, so much garden

from a gardener, after having bought so much land from a real estate agent, because Mr. S. and So owns the next lot and is going to build next fall. I have heard men boast of having bought a lot for building without even troubling to go and look at it. A machine made home is a Frankenstein, like the monster the scientist made.

We want the home architect who shall first of all be a keen judge of human nature; who

studies his patron to find out what kind of home he ought to have to help to iron out his kinks; what atmosphere at home to counteract that he breathed abroad. Form and color and their arrangement are recognized as potent forces. Our architects today are autocrats and have the power to set these forces in motion for good or evil, what might they not do if they insisted on building Homes rather than houses.

The Giant Begonia

By MRS. FRANK WAITE

OF the type of begonias classed as the giant semperflorens, perhaps the most widely cultivated is the splendid specimen *Gigantia Rosea*. This striking begonia originated from a plant of its class and a little-known begonia named *Lynchiana*. *Gigantia Rosea* is one of the best of winter blooming begonias. It will attain a height of five or more feet if allowed to do so, or, if headed off by pinching back the ends of the canes or shoots, it will make a symmetrical and bushy plant, and will bear a profusion of large scarlet panicles of blooms. It is well, in the lath house, to grow both the tall, majestic plants, although they require time for the development of root systems, and the dwarfed forms as well.

Gigantia Rosea was introduced by Lemoine, the French producer of so many beautiful plants, in 1888. The parent plant from which it takes its best points probably, *Lynchiana*, is a native of the tropics of Central America. It resembles *Gigantia Rosea* very much, but is not so robust on growth. *Lynchiana* has been the means, when combined with various other begonias, of enlarging the list of beautiful plants that to a real begonia enthusiast never grows uninteresting or too large. Bruant introduced one of these hybrids from *Lynchiana* in 1889, and named it "*Lucianoe*." It was a hybrid from *Lynchiana* and a begonia named Bruant, or Bruantii.

The flowers of *Lucianoe* are large rose colored, produced in the axils of the leaves much like *Templenii* and *Ne Plus Ultra*.

Siberiana is another of this type introduced by Lemoine in 1888. *Mastodonte* and *Goliath* (certainly the names are an indication of size, and I sincerely wish that all begonia names indicated some point belonging to the plant) are too beautiful begonias. I very well remember when their names appeared in two or three American catalogues as something quite new among begonias. One had large pink and white blossoms, and the combination was most charming and unusual.

For me they did not prove enduring like *Gigantia Rosea*, and at the present time I do not know of a florist who handles them.

In connection with this type, begonia enthusiasts may be interested in knowing that we are trying out in our lath house one of our semper florens seedlings which we think may prove to be one of the giant type, and also something new in coloring, as the blossoms show scarlet and white, that is scarlet with white streaks. It is only the male flowers so far that are showing the combined colors. Just what results we can look forward to from the seeds we do not know. Perhaps some professional hybridist can inform us through the columns of *California Garden*. The flowers bearing the seed show no white, but the seed capsules are partly white. It is a natural hybridization, probably the work of the busy bee.

As *Gigantia Rosea* seems to be the most prolific grower for San Diego of this interesting type of begonias, why not grow quantities of it to be used in the winter in the living room of the home and in the school room, where the children can enjoy its beautiful green foliage and cheerful blossoms with very little expense or care. Many an office might be made more cheerful by a healthy blooming plant of *Gigantia Rosea*, with its many panicles of brilliant blossoms. It continues its blooming till late in the spring, and with some extra care might prove a drawing card for our spring flower show. This result would certainly be attained by offering a prize for the best grown and blooming *Gigantia Rosea*. Even the children could enter into the contest as this plant is inexpensive and easy to grow. Now is a good time to take cuttings for winter plants. This begonia grows rapidly, and fine blooming plants of the smaller size can be grown for winter from cuttings planted now. It takes time, however, for a begonia to form a root system that will produce the large majestic *Gigantia Rosea*, but quantities of the smaller plants started now will give surprising results later.

The California Garden

Alfred D. Robinson, Editor
G. T. Keene, Manager

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The San Diego Floral Association

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OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

Alfred D. Robinson, President
Miss K. O. Sessions, Vice-President
G. T. Keene, Secretary
L. A. Blochman, Treasurer
Miss A.M. Rainford, Miss Alice Lee, Mrs. Thos. Kneale

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REGULAR MEETINGS

Regular meetings of The San Diego Floral Association on the third Tuesday of every month at 8:00 p. m.

July 18—(a) "Ferns." (b) "Fall Blooming Plants." With Mrs. W. L. Frevert, 3535 First Street.

August 15—(a) "Violets." (b) "Planting Seeds for Winter Blooms." With Mrs. I. D. Webster, 1028 Thirty-second St.

OUT-DOOR MEETINGS

First Tuesday of the month in the afternoon:

August 1—Mrs. Charles W. Darling, Marcellita, Chula Vista.

Annual Meeting

The annual meeting of the San Diego Floral Association was held Tuesday evening, June 20, at San Diego clubhouse. The business of the evening was the reports of the president and secretary and the election of seven directors, who are to elect their officers. The members elected on the new board are Misses Kate Sessions, Leila Clough, A. M. Rainford, Mrs. F. D. Waite, Mrs. Thomas Kneale and Messrs. L. A. Blochman and G. R.

Gorton. Neither President Robinson nor Secretary Keene were candidates for re-election.

President Alfred D. Robinson summed up the work of the association, telling of their regular monthly meetings throughout the year, held in different sections of the city, and numerous outdoor meetings to inspect and discuss some of the gardens in and around San Diego. Flower shows are held semi-annually, or oftener, and in mentioning them the president deplored the lack of interest of our city officials in a work so important, and also of a suitable place to hold these shows. He believes that the association should be provided a site for a floral home, where shows may be held free of rent and under most favorable conditions, and enabling them to make them all free of admission.

Secretary Guy Keene's report showed the association to be free of debt, with a fair balance in the treasury, and their magazine, The California Garden, published monthly, growing in influence among flower lovers.

The Gibson Mando Quintet gave three selections, and little Selma Davidson, pupil of Mrs. Vida Reed Stone, played two piano numbers. Refreshments were served at the close of the meeting.

A meeting of the newly elected board of directors of the San Diego Floral Association was held Tuesday afternoon, June 27, at 4 o'clock at Frevert-Bledsoe's furniture store. Present Messrs. Blochman and Gorton, Misses Clough, Rainford and Sessions, and Mesdames Kneale and Waite.

Meeting called to order by Secretary G. T. Keene, who called for nominations for temporary president. Miss Clough's name was proposed and motion carried.

The resignation of Secretary Keene was presented, and it was moved by Mrs. Waite, seconded by Miss Sessions, that it be accepted "with regrets." Carried.

Mr. Gorton nominated Ralph Sumner as secretary, seconded by Mrs. Waite, and he was elected.

Mr. Blochman was nominated as treasurer, seconded and carried unanimously.

At the suggestion of retiring secretary, it was directed that Secretary Sumner and Treasurer Blochman act as auditing committee.

The election of president and vice president was deferred to an adjourned meeting to be held the following Friday at the same hour and place.

Adjourned meeting of directors of San Diego Floral Association was held as called, Friday, June 30, present Directors Rainford, Waite, Sessions, Kneale, Clough, Gorton.

After discussing several names proposed for president and vice president, meeting adjourned until Wednesday, July 5 at the same place and hour.

From the secretary's annual report.

Practically all members of the Floral Association get the California Garden, so it is not necessary for me to summarize the work of the organization. You know that meetings have been held on the third Tuesday evening of each month throughout the year, and many outdoor meetings in the afternoons. On the whole, they have been well attended.

The subjects, as outlined by the program committee, have been faithfully carried out and uniformly interesting. President Robinson has kept up an endless flow of wit, wisdom and humor, and others have contributed special papers and joined in the discussions.

The Garden speaks for itself, and seems to have made a real place for itself. The fact that it has lived thus far through the hard times seems to warrant the hope that it has sufficient vitality to continue until times are easier.

After sending out the annual statements, the replies were so prompt and the kind words so hearty that our editor must know that his worthy efforts are truly appreciated.

The Flower Garden

Miss Mary Matthews

July is a good month to take an extensive survey of your garden and decide what changes you want to make, what new things are to be added and also think over last seasons failures—and how to remedy them.

A late Horticultural Journal lists numerous things that have been introduced in the last few seasons and among them are some that should do well in this locality. *Senecio clivorrin*, with aster-like flowers, three to five inches in diameter, and *Senecio Wilsonianus*, with erect flower spikes, five or six feet high, both of these from China, have clear yellow flowers, are easily raised from seed and grow rapidly, soon making large flowering plants. The introducer of these, Mr. Wilson, has also brought us a new lily, *L. Regale* and in connection with this, I quote what he says in regard to culture, "Loam, leaf soil, good drainage, and full exposure to the sun and air are the essentials demanded by this lily. Do not give it fertilizer in any form any more than you would give an infant in arms beef steak—and the latter is true for lilies in general in the out door garden where they are planted in the hopes of their yielding flowers from year to year. Mulch them with leaves in the fall, but do not, if you value your lilies, feed them with manure." Mr. Wilson being an authority these instructions ought to be of value.

Another introduction from a different source is *delphinium Pauli*, a new hardy larkspur from East Africa. It has wire like, stiff stems and branches bearing pure white flowers 1½ inches in diameter. The stamens are

violet brown and the especial feature is that the flowers are intensely fragrant, an unusual feature in the *Delphiniums*. Of course the main part of our gardens consist of the old favorites tried and true, but it adds zest and novelty to try at least one new thing each season. Three years ago I had sent me a few seeds of a white *agapanthus*, said to be much finer than the old uncertain *Var. Alba*. I raised a few plants and this year they are rewarding me with some fine stalks about 3½ feet high with pure white flowers which amongst the blue are very attractive—and they bid fair to be equally as vigorous in growth.

This is a critical month for "mums." Do not let them become dry, keep the soil loose around them, take out all suckers and stake securely.

Sweet peas for very late blooms ought to go in this month. Plant seeds of stocks for winter blooming, also mignonette and myosotis, "the Forget-me-not", for pot culture or the lath house. "Ruth Fischer is one of the best sorts.

All bulbs that have bloomed should not be left in the ground later than this month if they are to be lifted. With each variety, try leaving a few in the ground and see how they come through. Where we can leave them and they increase so as to form masses, they are much more effective. This is a good month to put in cuttings of *Hydrangea* and *Hibiscus*. Continue to plant tropical shrubs and vines. Quite an instructive little book called "climbing plants" by Wm. Watson, was added to the Garden list in the Public Library this past month. In reading it you will be struck with the number of plants that are spoken of as being tender or requiring protection in England, where the book is published, whereas with us they grow with but little care.

Flower People

Mr. Geo. C. Meeker, of Oakland, president of the Alameda County Floral Association, was in San Diego recently, and spent a week studying our Exposition and other floral show places in and around the city. He was particularly interested in familiarizing himself with the workings of the San Diego Floral Association.

San Bernardino is organizing a floral association and sent one of their members, Mrs. Harbison, to San Diego to learn how such an organization is handled here. Miss Rainford, Mr. Sumner and others did their best to furnish the desired information.

Alfred D. Robinson and little daughter are spending a few weeks at Warners Springs.

R. E. Vandruff, of Normal Heights, is a new member of the Floral Association. His new home and gardens promise to be one of the show-places of San Diego.

The July Meeting

Remember the July meeting with Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Frevert, 3535 First Street Tuesday evening, the 18th. Subject, "Ferns" and "Fall-Blooming Plants." Take No. 4 cars to First and Walnut.

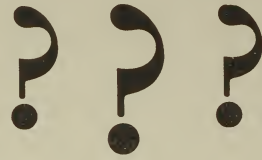
Digging Holes and Filling 'Em

"Yes, indeed, for consider how we drink to thirst again, and eat to hunger again, and love for disappointment, and journey in order to return. And consider with what elaborate care we cut, clip, shave, remove and prune our hair and beard, which none the less will steadfastly regrow, and how we earn money to spend it, and black boots before walking in the mire, and do penance before sinning, and sleep to wake, and wake to sleep; and very elaborately do pin, button, tie, hook, hang, lace, draw, pull up, betighten, and in divers ways fasten about ourselves our very complicated clothes of a morning, only to unbutton, unpin, untie, unhook, let down, beloose, and in a thousand operations put them off again when midnight comes. Then there is the soiling of things for their cleansing, and the building of houses to pull them down again, and the making of wars for defeat or for barren victories, and the painting of pictures for the rich blind, and the singing of songs for the wealthy deaf, and the living of all life to the profit of others, and the begetting of children who may perpetuate all that same round. The more I think of it the more I see that the digging of holes and the filling of them up again is the true end of man and his felicity."

Work is the most fun in the world. Fun is the most work in the world. The use of body or mind or spirit gives us pleasure. Boys or men who miss this point, miss the greatest enjoyment of human life. If we are lucky enough to find the work we like best, and enough of it to keep us well occupied, we may feel that we are the most favored of men. —Suburban California.

"Nowhere is the sky so blue, the grass so green, the sunshine so bright, the shade so welcome, as right here, now, today. No other blue sky nor bright sunshine, nor welcome shade exists for you. Other skies are bright to other men. They have been bright in the past and so they will be again, but yours are here and now"—David Starr Jordan.

All good things in life are the price of labor, or the labor of others; but the things we appreciate most are the products of our own toil. It is indeed a pleasure to plant an orchard and by our own diligence bring it into fruitage.



We have exhausted our brain and pocket with two years of this ad and never sold a chicken from it as far as we could tell. Yet, if there is not a lot of polite prevarication, it sells a lot of papers and everybody reads it. Now we will ask you to select one of the following questions and reply to it so that we may live up to the efficiency of the age and locate the trouble.

Question 1. Does the trouble lie with you?

2. Or with us?

3. Or with the chickens?

That is the main point but we would remark that we have issued another "Kackle". Of course you don't realize the importance of this announcement because you did not accept our invitation to buy the first issue. Well it is now a regular quarterly magazinette done at Rosecroft and the price is twenty-five cents per year. You can subscribe for it if you like, but in case you don't, refrain from boasting about it, for good men and true throughout the U. S. have deemed it worth while and if you like these ads you would love the Kackle.

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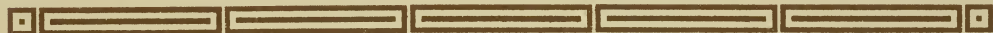
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